

But It's Better If You Do

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But It's Better If You Do

by [gnftavi](#)

Summary

“You step out here, Clay, you’re *dead!*” The headband guy shouted from outside.

The blond— Clay, George assumed— sighed and brought a hand to his face groaning. He steadied himself on his feet and turned to face the rest of the bathroom, and he locked eyes with George.

“Sorry about that.” Clay said softly with a grimace.

Notes

AKA self indulgent dnf oneshot ive been thinking about for months now

no self control i have so many fic ideas and so much motivation to right so im just gonna keep pumping out works until i tire myself out :)

also if any of the cc’s want me to remove this, i will

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

This was probably one of the biggest parties of the year.

Every year the local university throws this big spring blowout and for the seniors from almost every college in the city. It's some kind of recruitment tactic to get people to want to go to their school. It works surprisingly well.

So when George was invited, it wasn't like it was a surprise. However, it still took him a long time to decide if he was going to show up or not.

These types of things aren't really his style. He's very much 'sit at home with close friends' rather than 'go get drunk and blackout' type. The only problem? The friends he'd want to stay at home with want to go to the party.

"I don't even like drinking! What's the point of me going?" George argued, "I'm not babysitting you guys."

"You should! You're the most responsible person I know, George." George's friend Wilbur said, "And you can drive us home!"

"No way. You're gonna puke all over the car."

"Please, George."

"What are you gonna do for me if I go? What do I get out of this?"

Wilbur looked like he was thinking hard. George's other friend, Jack, chimed in.

"We— We'll buy you lunch the next day?" Jack proposed.

"Just lunch?" George raised an eyebrow.

“Lunch for the next *three* days.” Wilbur added

“Make it the week.”

The two stared at each other, sighing as they became very aware of what they’ve gotten themselves into.

“Fine.” Wilbur agreed, shaking George’s hand to seal the deal.

“There goes my savings...”

The party was at some huge mansion of a house. Nobody really knew whose it was, but that didn’t matter. At the door, there was a scary looking guy who George assumed was from the school. He was checking people’s student IDs to make sure they weren’t trying to sneak in anyone else.

George and his friends waited in line, creeping closer and closer to the guy slowly. The couple in front of them was turned down, and suddenly George was a little more nervous.

They were all seniors. Obviously, they knew that. But what if something was a little off on his card and they sent him back? What if he took the wrong—

“Your ID?” The man asked.

George rummaged through the pocket of his hoodie, pulling out the little plastic card on the end of a lanyard. He looked it over, then glanced at George.

“You look scared.”

“Oh— Y-yeah a little. I’m not a fan of parties... My friends dragged me here.” George answered.

The guy hummed and handed back his and his friend’s cards.

“Go ahead. Have fun.”

George watched his friends head in excitedly, and he took a breath.

This can't be too bad, right?

Inside was incredibly hot. Too many people packed together, music too loud for coherent thought. People yelled and laughed and cheered at each other, and George found himself being pushed around a little too much for comfort.

His friends were nowhere to be found. There was no way he'd find them in *this* crowd.

George settled for finding somewhere to hide out until the party died down, though it showed no signs of doing so any time soon.

He picked a bathroom on the first floor, far away enough from everything to be slightly more chill.

It was not 'more chill'.

People streamed in and out of the bathroom, a couple people at a time. Girls touching up their makeup with friends, guys coming in to vomit their stomach into the toilet.

Nobody seemed to care that George was sitting in the bathtub. They just pulled the curtain over when they peed. It was kind of gross.

George was scrolling around mindlessly on his phone, switching from app to app to occupy himself. Snapchat was full of party videos and pictures from downstairs. So was Instagram. The only thing that didn't make him want to go home was YouTube, so he scrolled through his recommendations and watched a few short videos.

In the middle of binging some obscure 'top ten' channel, there was a loud *BANG!*

The door to the bathroom flung open as someone was pushed against it. The guy who was pushed was blond and wore a fitted green sweater. The other had dark hair and a headband on his

forehead, and a scowl on his face.

“You motherfucker!” The headband guy yelled and grabbed the sweater guy by the collar.

The blond pulled the other’s hands off him, and that seemed to make him mad. The headband guy threw a punch that landed on the blond’s cheek with a loud *thwap* . Another punch to the nose, and the blond launched himself into the action, pushing the other back.

They tumbled to the ground, headband on top of the blond pummeling him with a barrage of heavy hitting punches. The other tried to defend with his arms until the headband guy took one arm and held it down with his foot.

The blond managed to get a good kick in, right to the headband’s crotch. He loosened his hold on him, allowing the blond to crawl away quickly towards the bathroom.

He slammed the door shut, locking it behind him.

There was a brief banging on the door— a fist pounding on the wood with audible anger.

“You step out here, Clay, you’re *dead* !” The headband guy shouted from outside.

The blond— Clay, George assumed— sighed and brought a hand to his face groaning. He steadied himself on his feet and turned to face the rest of the bathroom, and he locked eyes with George.

“Sorry about that.” Clay said softly with a grimace.

“Um... Don’t worry about it.” George got up and walked over towards Clay, flipping the light switch to bright.

There was blood flowing from his swollen nose, and a bruise already forming on his cheek. He looked at himself in the mirror and cursed, spitting a thick mixture of blood and saliva into the sink.

“Let me help you.” George offered.

Clay turned to look at him, “Why?”

“Dunno.” George shrugged, looking away, “Nothing else to do?”

George wouldn’t admit it, but this guy was painfully attractive. Even all bloody and bruised up. There was no way he had any chance unless he tried, though, so he might as well offer.

“Fuck,” Clay took a sharp breath in when he touched his nose, “Okay, fine. Help me out.”

“Right.” George smiled, “I’ll be right back, then. Hide in the tub.”

Clay looked at him confused, but George just insisted. Clay obliged, crawling into the tub and pulling the shower curtain over. George slid the bathroom window open and walked over to the door.

“I’ll be back.”

He opened the door and was greeted by the headband guy sitting by the bathroom. He was red in the face from anger. He practically jumped on George when he exited.

“Where the hell is he?” He yelled, and George backed up.

“W-Who?” George asked.

“ *Who?* ” The guy mocked him, “ *Clay* ! The fucker that ran in there like, two minutes ago!”

“Oh,” George pointed back to the bathroom, “He opened the window and jumped out, I think.”

The guy looked into the bathroom and noticed the open window, then the silence in the room.

There really wasn't anyone in there anymore...

"God dammit..."

"I-I've been camping out here waiting for my friends. I promise he's not in here..."

The guy rolled his eyes, then ran off towards the back door to look around outside.

George waited until he was fully gone to go back to Clay.

"Just wait here for a minute." George instructed, "I'm gonna get some stuff for you."

Clay nodded, closing the door to the bathroom.

George pushed his way through the crowds that pulsed with the bass of the music. He found a cooler and pocketed a cold beer can, then grabbed a stack of paper napkins from the table.

He made a beeline back to the bathroom and knocked softly, waiting for a moment for Clay. He cracked the door a bit and peeked out, then swung it open all the way after seeing it was just George.

"I half expected you to just leave me in here, honestly." Clay admitted as he closed the door behind George.

"Why would I do that?"

"I don't know." Clay shrugged, "You don't owe me or anything. I don't even know why you want to help so bad."

"Look at you. You look like shit right now. I'm not gonna leave you by yourself. See, look—"

George grabbed Clay by the hand, pulling him to hold his arm out straight. His fingers were shaking, and his arms twitching. Clay noticed and quickly put his arm back.

“It’s just the adrenaline. I’m fine.”

“Shut up.” George rolled his eyes, then patted the countertop with his hand, “Sit.”

Clay sat, and George scrambled to take everything he found from his pockets.

“I’m George.” George introduced himself.

“Clay.” Clay responded softly, “But uh... I think you already know that.”

“What happened?” George asked as he opened the bathroom’s medicine cabinet to look for anything else he could use, “If you don’t mind me asking.”

“That was Nick. He thinks I’ve been sleeping with his girl ‘cause she said I was.” Clay responded, “But I told him I’m not. He won’t believe me.”

“Did you?”

“No! I don’t even like girls.” Clay blurted, “Sorry, TMI.”

George’s chances were looking better and better every minute.

“It’s okay,” George said softly as he dropped a box of bandages on the table next to his other supplies, “Me too.”

They sat for a bit while George soaked a couple of napkins with warm water. He moved in front of Clay, separating his legs a bit to be able to lean in closer to Clay’s face. Clay laughed to himself softly.

“Usually I’d ask you to dinner before you get between my legs like that, but I can get behind this.”

George blushed, face turning warm and red up to his ears.

“I’m just trying to clean your face, dumbass.” George defended himself, averting his eyes from Clay’s that stared down at him.

Clay smiled and watched George wipe off the blood that had dried on his upper lip. He finished and backed off to grab the beer can, handing it to Clay.

“Um...Thanks, but I don’t drink.” Clay said, handing it back.

George laughed this time, “For your nose. It’s cold.”

Clay pressed the can to his swollen nose and cheek, wincing at the coolness of the metal.

“It’ll probably hurt a bit, but it’s gonna help.” George said, “Now roll up your sleeves.”

“I, uh, I don’t think I can. This sweater’s kinda tight on the arms.”

“Well... Figure it out. You probably have a bunch of bruises there—he was kinda beating the shit out of you.” George said, “You should put the can there too so your arms don’t feel too bad later.”

“How do you know all this?”

George shrugged, “All my friends are fucking stupid. They almost die just about every other week. I’m like their parents.”

Clay chuckled, “I guess your knowledge is coming in handy now, too.”

“Yeah.”

Clay placed the can on the counter next to him and tugged the bottom of his sweater over his head to reveal his arms. George was right— there was already a cluster of gross purple and yellow spots on the back of his forearms and a darker bruise where Nick had held him down with his foot.

Damn.

George looked away from Clay to avoid staring at his chest. He knew he needed to help, but he knew he couldn't focus if he had to stare Clay in the nipples.

"I-I'm gonna put some bandaids on your jaw. It's got a little cut on it."

George leaned into Clay's face again, and he could feel the warmth coming off his body. Clay craned his neck to give George better access to the little gash on his face. He wiped the little dribble of blood that reached down his neck to his collarbone with the napkin, pretending to not notice Clay's shiver.

"There you go..." George said quietly, "You're looking better already."

Clay laughed, "Not feeling better."

"You will." George smiled, "Promise."

"I trust you."

"But you're probably gonna have to go to the hospital for that nose later."

"You're probably right."

There was a tense moment of silence between the two as George began to clean up the sink counter. He swiped everything into the garbage can, and Clay watched him.

“Are you—“

“How’s the—“

They cut each other off. Clay smiled fondly.

“You go.” Clay said.

“How’s the beer? Is it still cold enough?” George asked.

“Yeah, it feels good.”

“Good.”

It was quiet again.

“What... What were you gonna say?” George asked in a low voice, turning back to look at Clay.

“Oh,” Clay cleared his throat, “I was just gonna ask if you were here with anybody.”

“No.” George lied.

“How about... You come back with me to my car and we forget about this stupid party?”

“I-I don’t... I don’t know...” George stumbled over his words, and he knew Clay could see how red he was getting.

“You don’t have to.” Clay said, leaning against the wall, “Just a proposition.”

“How can you be so forward?” George asked.

“I don’t know.” Clay said, moving to slide off the counter.

Damn, he’s tall...

George didn’t know where to look. His head just reached past Clay’s shoulders, so looking forward would make him stare at his chest, and he didn’t think he could bear looking up at his face. The only other option was to look down at... his...

“I’ve just learned to read people pretty well. I can kinda see what they want by the way they act.” Clay explained.

George’s gaze shifted around the room, not exactly focused on anything.

Until Clay put a couple fingers under George’s chin, tilting his head to look him in his eyes. George stared, his breath stuck in his throat.

“You can’t be scared, Georgie.” Clay whispered, “If you want something, you have to be willing to take some risks.”

“I don’t know if I could.” George tried to be confident, but he knew Clay could hear the tremble in his voice, “Maybe... Someone else just has to make the first move.”

Clay leaned in close to George, cupping his face in his hand.

“I think *you* should.” Clay said softly and George felt his warm breath on his lips, “That would be hotter.”

George breathed out shakily. His eyes dropped to Clay’s lips, and he leaned forward, closing the gap between them.

They were kissing.

George felt the electricity surge down his spine directly to his hands as he brought them up to tangle in Clay's hair. Clay kissed him back, using his other hand to pull George's body close to him.

Clay's hand hitched the hem of George's shirt up, and George gasped into Clay's mouth. Clay took advantage of George's gasp, swiping his tongue softly to meet George's.

They pressed as close against each other as they could as the bathroom filled with soft sounds of growing pleasure. There was a moment where George pulled away to catch his breath, and Clay took the opportunity to trail his lips down his neck, leaving small kisses and love bites that made small moans leave George's throat.

Clay parted his lips from George for just long enough to hoist him up from his legs to sit on the counter. George knew he was small, but Clay made it look like it was easy.

"What?" Clay said with a sultry laugh, "I play football. I'm strong."

"Is that why you let Nick beat you up?" George teased.

Clay tilted his head, "Oh, you're gonna get it, Georgie."

"Get what?" George shot back with a chuckle.

Clay went back to kissing him hungrily, catching George off guard. He slid both hands up George's shirt and held him tightly by the waist.

He let his hands trace down to the band of George's sweatpants, his fingers dipping below to hold his hips. George whined, and Clay hummed into the kiss before separating again.

"Can I...?" Clay asked, tugging George's pants at the hip.

George nodded feverishly, "Please."

Clay wasted no time pulling both George's sweats and boxers down to his ankles. He watched as his cock sprung up, George wincing at the cold air. George reached his hand down to grab at his dick but Clay held his wrist to stop him.

"I can take care of it, Georgie." Clay muttered into George's neck, "Don't worry about a thing."

George got tingles down his spine. He watched Clay kiss down his neck until he was blocked by the fabric of his shirt.

From there, Clay brought a hand to grab George's cock. His hands were soft yet firm, and it made George groan. Clay watched the bead of precum form at his tip, and felt his own dick harden in his pants.

"So excited," Clay teased, "This isn't your first time, is it?"

"N-no..." George mumbled, "It's just... Been a while—"

He was cut off by a low moan from the pit of his stomach as Clay wrapped his lips around his tip. He took more and more down his mouth until he reached the base, and he could feel George twitching and leaking down his throat. Clay looked up at George who looked completely disheveled as if in a silent warning.

He began to bob his head, basking in the beautiful sounds George let out into the night air. George's moans were soft and sweet and airy. He had his head thrown back, chest rising and falling rapidly with one hand threaded in Clay's hair, moving with his head.

Clay picked up his pace a bit when he heard George's whimpers become louder and faster. George was out of breath, pleasure building up higher and higher. He felt like he might—

"C-Clay... I can't... I'm gonna cum..."

"Cum for me, baby. You deserve it." Clay pulled off the tip for a brief moment, "You're so beautiful."

George felt Clay wrap his mouth around him again and he couldn't bear it. He gripped tightly to Clay's hair, holding him in place while he moaned embarrassingly loud, riding out his orgasm with Clay wrapped around him.

Clay held on as long as he could with George deep in his throat, streams of his cum flowing down his throat easily. When George let go of his head, he pulled off with a wet pop, saliva dribbling down his chin a bit.

George looked at Clay with half lidded eyes.

"How the hell... Are you so good at that?" George said through heavy breaths.

Clay chuckled, wiping his face off, "Imagine how good I can be when I'm not all sore."

George let out a soft moan at the thought, his tired cock threatening to stiffen again.

"We should do this again sometime." Clay said softly as he helped George pull his pants back up.

George stood from the counter wobbly, tying the string on his pants back up.

"Here, give me your number." George said, pulling out his phone.

Clay smiled, "Now look who's taking initiative. Okay, Georgie."

Clay tapped out his number into George's phone, then sent himself a quick, random string of letters to make sure it was written properly. George took his phone back, pocketing it.

"I want... to return the favor." George whispered, resting his hands on Clay's hips.

Clay felt his erection painfully strain against his jeans.

“Are you sure?” He asked

George nodded, eyeing the button of his pants that he was toying with.

Clay smirked, cupping George’s face in his hand, “Then show me what your pretty mouth can do, sweetheart.”

George hummed and pushed Clay back a couple steps until he leaned against the wall opposite the counter. He dropped to his knees slowly, hands resting on Clay’s jeans as he unzipped them. Clay watched George pull his pants down just enough to reveal the bulge in his boxers.

He pulled the elastic back and rested it under Clay’s cock when it popped out. George grabbed it with both hands, pumping it a couple times as he marveled.

“You’re so... big.” George whispered breathily.

Clay bit his lip, “You sure you can handle me?”

“You’d be surprised.” George teased.

He stuck out his tongue and dragged it along the bottom of his dick from base to tip, smirking when Clay let out a low groan.

“It’s *not* my first time.” George reiterated.

“Show me, then.” Clay rested a hand on the top of George’s head, and George took that as his cue to start sucking.

He took the tip in first, letting his tongue circle it before slowly sucking in the rest. He reached the end, letting his nose bump Clay’s lower abdomen. Clay moaned a soft, low note when George pulled back off.

“Your throat feels so good, sweetheart...” Clay breathed out, “Keep going.”

George went slowly at first to get used to the feeling before picking up the pace. He learned quickly that Clay was *very* vocal—praising him between loud moans and grunts.

Clay was also greedy. Forceful. He was the one that set the pace, pulling George by his hair to bob up and down on his cock. It wasn't a problem, though. George was able to handle his tip slamming the back of his throat repeatedly.

George made sure to look back up at Clay every couple bobs, loving how desperate he looked while watching George take him like a champ.

“Baby... Baby, I don't think I can last any longer...” Clay moaned out, “Let me cum on your pretty face, Georgie.”

George didn't have to be told twice. He let himself be facefucked until Clay was shouting out his name. When he felt the first bit of cum hit the back of his throat, he pulled off, hand keeping the pace in place of his lips as Clay came in long white ribbons into his open mouth.

Clay moaned softly until his cock stopped leaking. George let go of it, allowing Clay to fix his pants before swallowing his mouthful of white liquid. Clay helped George off the floor and brought him into a passionate, yet slow kiss.

They stayed lip locked for what seemed like an eternity, and yet barely a second. George was the first to notice the bathroom door open, whipping his head away from Clay to look.

The guy with the headband—Nick—was back. He looked furious.

“*You*.” Nick growled out, jabbing a finger at George, “You told me you didn't know him. Said he ran outta here. Turns out you're a liar just like *him*.”

Clay tensed against George's body. George grabbed his hand and squeezed.

“I-I don't know him, I just—“

“Don’t try to lie anymore, you bitch.” Nick’s words were harsh, and made George grimace.

“George.” Clay whispered, “I think we gotta... get outta here for real.”

George nodded slowly, tilting his head towards the still open window above the bathtub.

Clay didn’t have to be told twice. He made a dash for the window, hopping through with ease. George struggled a little to get up, but Clay helped pull him though. He still landed on his ass, though.

Nick tried to follow them, but they watched him slip trying to run to the tub. They heard him curse and look out the window before storming off.

“We better get outta here before he comes outside.” Clay suggested, “You got a ride home?”

“Yeah—“ George stopped himself. He didn’t have the keys to Jack’s car. “A-Actually... I don’t. Wait, Clay, your sweater—“

“Let’s go, then. Hurry up!” Clay ignored George, and they made a dash down the yard. George struggled to follow.

They reached a small, sleek black car that clay fumbled to jam his keys into. Once it was open, they both got in as fast as they could.

“I suggest we go to wherever you live.” Clay said, starting the car, “Nick knows my house.”

George laughed, “You’ll have to excuse the mess when we get there. I wasn’t expecting guests.”

Clay laughed as well, pulling the car out of it’s space, “Don’t worry. I didn’t expect to be on someone’s hit list tonight. Things come up.”

End Notes

thank u for reading!! this one was kinda fun lmao. feel free to leave comments or kudos i really appreciate it!!! also maybe sub bc i hve like three other fic ideas in progress for mcyt stuff :)

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!